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ENGLISH BOOKS
1475-1640

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**Donne, John. An anatomy of the world.
Wherein by occasion of the vntimely
death of Mistris Eliz. Drury the frailty
and decay of this whole world is repre-
sented. [Anr. ed.] The first anniuersarie.
An anatomie, etc. [Anon.] 2 pts. 8^o.
A. Mathewes f. T. Dew, 1621.**

HD

University Microfilms, Inc., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Donne, John

The First Anniversarie.

A N
ANATOMIE
of the World.

Wherein,

BY OCCASION OF
the vntimely death of Mistris

ELIZABETH DRY,
the frailtie and the decay of
this whole World is
represented.



L O N D O N,

Printed by A. Mathewes for Tho: Dowe, and are
to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-
yard in Fleetstreet. 1621.



TO THE PRAISE
of the Dead, and the
ANATOMY.

Vell dy'de the World, that
we might live to see
This World of wit, in his Ana-
tomee:

No euill wants his good: so wil-
der heyes;
Bedew their Fathers Toombs, with
forced teares,

A 3

Whose

To the praise of the Dead,

Whose state requites their losse:
whiles thus we gaine
Well may we walke in blacks, but
not complaine,
Yet how can I consent the world is
dead
While this Muse lines? which in his
spirits stead
Seemes to informe a world: and
bids it bee,
In sight of losse, or fraile mortali-
tee?
And thou the subiect of this wel-
borne thought,
Thise noble Maid; couldst not haue
found nor sought
A fitter time to yeeld to thy sad
Fate,
Then whiles this spirit lines; that
can relate
Thy worth so well to our last Ne-
phews Eyne,

That

and the Anatomic.

That they shall wonder both at his,
and thine:
Admired match! where strines in
mutuall grace
The cunning Pencill, and the come-
ly face:
A task, which thy faire goodnesse
made too much
For the bold pride of vulgar pens
to touch;
Enough is vs to praise them that
praise thee,
And say that but enough those pray-
ses bee,
Which hadst thou lin'd, had hid
their fearefull head
From th'angry checkings of thy
modestred:
Death bars reward & shame: when
enuy's gone,
And gaine; 'tis safe to giue the dead
their owne.

A 4

As

To the praise of the Dead,

*As then the wise Egyptians wont
to lay
More on their Tombes, then houses:
these of clay,
But those of brasse, or marble were,
so wee
Gine more unto thy Ghost, then
unto thee.
Yet what wee gine to thee, thou
gauest to vs,
And maiest but thanke thy selfe,
for being thus:
Yet what thou gauest, and wert, O
happy maid,
Thy grace profeſt all due, were'tis
repayd.
So these high songs that to thee sui-
ted bine,
Serue but to sound thy makers
praise, in thine,
Which thy deare soule as sweetly
sings to him*

Amid

To the praise of the Dead,

*Amid the Quire of Saints and Se-
raphim,
As any Angels tongue can sing of
thee;
The subjects differ, tho the skill
agree:
For as by infant-yeares men iudge
of age,
Thy early loue, thy vertues, did
presage
What hie part thou bear'st in
those best songs
Whereto no burden, nor no end be-
longs.
Sing on thou Virgin soule, whose
lossefull gaine
Thy Lone-sicke Parents haue be-
wail'd in vaine;
Neuer may thy Name be in our songs
forgot.
Till we shall sing thy ditty, and thy
note.*

The



The First Anniversary.

AN
ANATOMY
of the World.

Whē that rich soule which
to her heauen is gone,
Whom all doe celebrate, who
know they haue one
(For who is sure he hath a soule,
vnlesse

*The entrie
into the
worke,*

An Anatomy of the world

It see, and Iudge, and follow
 worthinesse,
 And by Deedes praise it; Hee
 who doth not this,
 May lodge an Inmate soule, but
 tis not his.)
 When that Queene ended here
 her progresse time.
 And, as 'her standing house, to
 heaven did clymbe,
 Where loath to make the Saints
 attend her long,
 Shee's now a part both of the
 Quire, and Song.
 This, world, in that great earth-
 quake languished;
 For in a common Bath of teares
 it bled,
 Which drew the strongest vitall
 spirits out:
 But succour'd then with a per-
 plexed doubt,

Whether

The first Anniversary.

Whether the world did loose
 or gaine in this,
 (Because since now no other
 way there is,
 But goodnesse, to see her, whom
 all would see,
 All must endeavour to bee good
 as shee.)
 This great consumption to a fe-
 uer turn'd,
 And so the world had fits; it
 ioy'd, it mournd,
 And, as men thinke, that Agues
 Physicke are,
 And th' Ague being spent, giue
 over care,
 So thou sicke world, mistak'st
 thy selfe to bee
 Well, when alas, thou'rt in a Le-
 targee.
 Her death did wound, and tame
 thee than, and than

Thou

4

An Anatomy of the world

Thou mightst haue better spar'd
 the Sunne, or Man.
 That wound was deepe, but 'tis
 more misery,
 That thou hast lost thy sense and
 memory.
 'Twas heauy then to heare thy
 voice of mone,
 But this is worse, that thou art
 speechlesse growne.
 Thou hast forgot thy name, thou
 hadst; thou wast
 Nothing but she, and her thou
 hast o'repast.
 For as a child kept from the
 Font, vntill
 A Prince, expected long, come
 to fulfill
 The Ceremonies, thou vnnam'd
 hadst laid,
 Had not her comming, thee her
 Palace made:

Her

The first Anniiuersary.

5

Her name defin'd thee, gaue thee
 forme and frame,
 And thou forgetst to celebrate
 thy name.
 Some moneths shee hath bene
 dead (but being dead,
 Measures of times are all deter-
 mined)
 But long shee'ath beene away,
 long, long, yet none
 Offers to tell vs who it is that's
 gone.
 But as in states doubtfull of
 future heyres,
 When sicknesse without reme-
 dy, empayres
 The present Prince, they're loth
 it should be said,
 The Prince doth languish, or
 the Prince is dead:
 So mankinde feeling now a ge-
 nerall thaw,

A

An Anatomy of the world

A strong example gone equall
to law.
The Cymment which did faith-
fully compact
And glue all vertues; now re-
solu'd, and slack'd,
Thought it some blasphemy to
say sh' was dead;
Or that our weaknesse was dis-
couered
In that confesion; therefore
spoke no more
Then tongues, the soule being
gonne, the losse deplore.
But though it be too late to suc-
cour thee,
Sicke world, yea dead, yea pu-
trified, since shee
Thy'ntrinsique Balme, and thy
preseruatiue,
Can neuer be renew'd, thou ne-
uer liue,

The first Anniuersary.

I (since no man can make thee
liue) will trie,
What we may gaine by thy
Anatomy.
Her death hath taught vs deare-
ly, that thou art
Corrupt and mortall in thy pu-
rest part.
Let no man say, the world it selfe
being dead,
Tis labour lost to haue disco-
uered.
The worlds infirmities, since
there is none
Alike to study this dissectione;
For there's a kind of world re-
maining still,
Though shee which did inani-
mate and fill
The world, be gone, yet in this
last long night,

*What life
the world
hath left.*

An Anatomy of the world

Her Ghost doth walke; that is, a
 glimmering light,
 A faint weake loue of vertue and
 of good
 Reflects from her, on them
 which vnderstood
 Her worth; And though she
 haue shut in all day,
 The twi-light of her memory
 doth stay;
 Which, from the carkasse of the
 old world, free
 Creates a new world; and new
 creatures bee
 Produc'd: The matter and the
 stuffe of this,
 Her vertue, and the forme our
 practise is.
 And thought to be thus Ele-
 mented, arme
 These creatures, from hom-
 borne intrinsique harme,

(For

The first Anniuersary

(For all assum'd vnto this Dig-
 nitie,
 So many weedlesse Paradises
 bee,
 Which of themselues produce
 no venemous sinne,
 Except some forraine Serpent
 bring it in)
 Yet, because outward stormes
 the strongest breake,
 And strength it selfe by confi-
 dence growes weake,
 This new world may be safer,
 being told.
 The dangers and diseases of the
 old:
 For with due temper men doe
 then forgoe,
 Or couet things, when they
 their true worth know.
 There is no health; Phisitians
 say that we

*The sickness
of the world**Impossibility
of health.*

B 2

At

An Anatomy of the world

At best, enioy, but a neutra-
litee.
And can there be worse sicknes,
then to know
That we are neuer well, nor can
beso?
We are borne ruinous: poore
mothers cry,
That children come not right,
nor orderly;
Except they headlong come and
fall vpon
An ominous precipita-
tion.
How witty's ruine? how impor-
tunate
Vpon mankind? It labour'd to
frustrate
Euen Gods purpose; and made
woman, sent
For mans reliefe, cause of his lan-
guishment.

They

The first Anniversary.

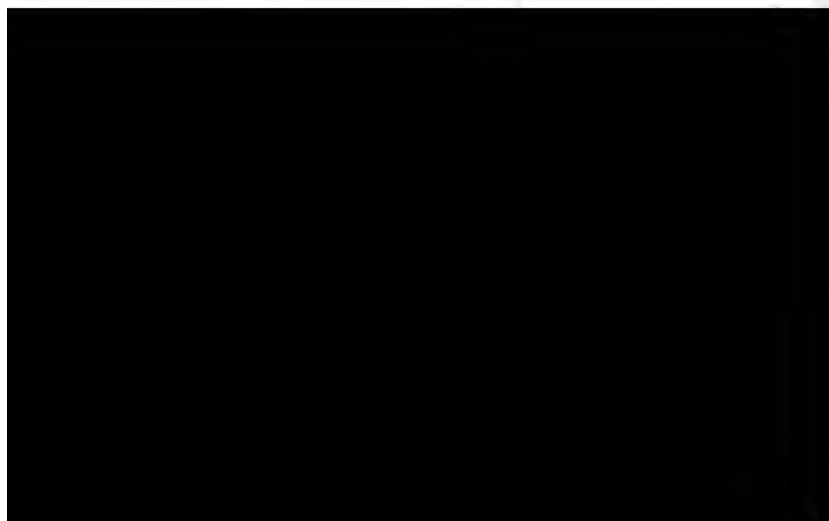
They were to good ends, and
they are so still,
But accessory, and principall
in ill.
For that first mariage was our
funerall:
One woman at one blow, then
kill'd vs all,
And singly, one by one, they
kill vs now.
We doe delightfully our selues
allow
To that consumption; and pro-
fusely blinde,
We kill our selues, to propagate
our kinde.
And yet we doe not that; we are
not men:
There is not now that mankind,
which was then
When as the Sun, and man, did
seeme to strue,

B 3

(Ioynt



The following table shows the results of the experiments conducted on the 10th of May 1881.	
1. The first experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
2. The second experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
3. The third experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
4. The fourth experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
5. The fifth experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
6. The sixth experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
7. The seventh experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
8. The eighth experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
9. The ninth experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10
10. The tenth experiment was conducted on a piece of wood of the following dimensions: 10 inches long, 2 inches wide, and 1/2 inch thick.	10



*An Anatomy of the world*Source
of life.

(Joynt tenāts of the world) who
should suruie.

When Stag, and Rauē, and the
long liu'd tree.

Compar'd with man, dy'de in
minoritee.

When, if a slow-pac'd starre
had stolne away

From the obseruers marking,
he might stay

Two or three hundred yeeres
to see't againe,

And then make vp his obseruati-
on plaine;

When, as the age was long, the
life was great:

Mans growth confc's'd, and
recompenc'd the meat:

So spacious and large, that euery
soule

Did a faire Kingdome, and large
Realme controule.

And

The first Anniiuersary.

And when the very stature thus
erect,

Did that soule a good way to-
wards Heauen direct.

Where is this mankind now?
who liues to age,

Fir to be made *Methusalem* his
page?

Alas, we scarce liue long enough
to rie;

Whether a true made clocke run
right, or lie.

Old Grandfires talke of yester-
day with sorrow,

And for our children we reserue
to morrow.

So short is life, that euery pea-
sant strives,

In a tome house, or field, to haue
three liues,

And as in lasting, so in length is
man.

Con-



*An Anatomy of the world**Smallness
of stature.*

Contracted to an inch, who was
a span,
For had a man at first, in Forrests
stray'd,
Or shipwrack'd in the Sea, one
would haue laid
A wager that an Elephant, or
Whale
That met him, would not hasty-
ly assaile
A thing so equall to him:
now alas.
The Fayries, and the Pigmies
well may passe
As credible; mankind decays
so soone,
We're searle our Fathers sha-
dowes cast at noone.
Onely death addes to our length:
nor are we growne
In stature to be men, till we are
none.

But

The first Anniversary.

But this were light, did our lesse
volume hold
All the old Text; or had we
chang'd to gold
Their siluer or dispos'd into
lesse glas,
Spirits of vertue, which then
scattered was.
But 'tis not so: we are not re-
tir'd, but damp't?
And as our bodies, so our minds
are cramped:
Tis shrinking, not close weaning
that hath thus,
In minde and body both be-
dwarfed vs.
We seeme ambitious, Gods
whole worke t'vndoe;
Of nothing he made vs, and we
strive too,
To bring our selues to nothing
backe; and we

Doe

An Anatomy of the world

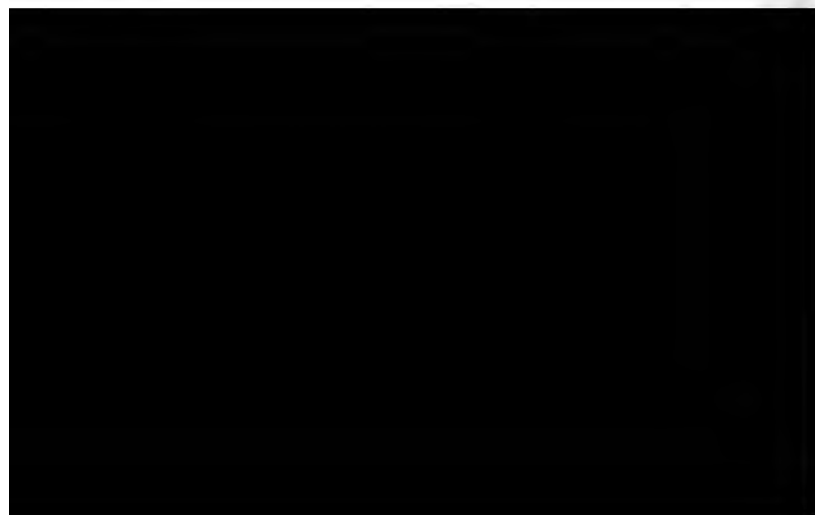
Doe what we can, to do't so
 soone as he.
 With new diseases on our selues
 we warre,
 And with new Physicke, a worke
 Engin farre.
 Thus man, this worlds Vice-Em-
 peror, in whom
 All faculties, all graces are at
 home;
 And if in other creatures they
 appeare,
 They re but mans Ministers, and
 Legats thers,
 To worke on their rebellions,
 and reduce
 Them to Ciuility, and to mans
 vse.
 This man, whom God did woo,
 and loth t' attend
 Till man came vp, did downe to
 man descend,

This

The first Anniuersary.

This man so great, that all that is,
 is his,
 Oh what a trifle, and poore thing
 he is?
 If man were any thing, he's no-
 thing now:
 Helpe, or at least sometime to
 waite, allow
 T his other wants, yet when he
 did depart
 With her whom we lament, he
 lost his heart.
 She, of whom th' Ancients
 seem'd to prophesie,
 When they call'd vertues by the
 name of shee,
 She in whom vertue was so
 much refin'd,
 That for Allay vnto so pure a
 minde
 Shee tooke the weaker Sex, she
 that could driue

The



An Anatomy of the world

The poysonous tincture, and the
 stayne of *Eue*,
 Out of her thought, and deedes,
 and purifie
 All, by a true religious Alchi-
 my;
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead:
 when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how poore a tri-
 fling thing man is.
 And learn'st thus much by our
 Anatomie,
 The heart being perish'd, no
 no part can be free.
 And that except thou feed (not
 banquet) on
 The supernaturall food, Reli-
 gion.
 Thy better growth growes whi-
 thered, and scant;
 Be more than man, or thou'rt
 lesse then an Ant.

Then

The first Anniuersary.

Then, as mankinde, so is the
 worlds whole frame
 Quite out of ioynt, almost crea-
 ted lame:
 For, before God had made vp
 all the rest,
 Corruption entred, and de-
 prau'd the best:
 It seisd the Angels, and then first
 of all
 The world did in her Cradle
 take a fall,
 And turn'd her brains, and tooke
 a generall maim
 Wronging each ioynt of th'vni-
 uersall frame.
 The noblest part, man, felt it
 first; and than
 Both beasts and plants, curst in
 the curse of man:
 So did the world from the first
 houre decay,

That

*Decay of na-
 ture in other
 parts.*



An Anatomy of the world

That evening was beginning of
 the day,
 And now the Springs and Som-
 mers which we see,
 Like sonnes of women after
 fifty bee.
 And new Philosophy cal's all in
 doubt,
 The Element of fire is quite put
 out;
 The Sunne is lost, and th'earth,
 and no mans wit
 Can well direct him where to
 looke for it.
 And freely men confesse that
 this world's spent,
 When in the Planets, and the
 Firmament
 They seeke so many new; they
 see that this
 Is crumbled out againe to his
 Atomis.

'Tis

The first Anniversary.

'Tis all in pieces, all coherence
 gone;
 All iust supply, and all Rela-
 tion:
 Prince, Subiect, Father, Sonne,
 are things forgot,
 For euery man alone thinkes he
 hath got
 To be a Phoenix, and that then
 can be
 None of that kinde, of which he
 is, but he.
 This is the worlds condition
 now, and now
 She that should all parts to reuni-
 on bow,
 She that had all Magnetique
 force alone,
 To draw, and fasten sundred
 parts in one;
 She whom wise nature had
 innented then

When

An Anatomy of the world

When she obseru'd that euery
 sort of men
 Did in their voyage in this
 worlds Sea stray,
 And needed a new compasse
 for their way;
 Shee that was best, and first ori-
 ginall
 Of all faire copies and the
 generall
 Steward to Fate; shee whose
 rich eyes, and brest:
 Guilt the West-Indies, and per-
 fum'd the East;
 Whose hauing breath'd in this
 world, did bestow
 Spice on those Isles, and bad
 them still smell so,
 And that rich Indie which doth
 gold interre,
 Is but as single money, coyn'd
 from her:

She

The first Anniuersary.

She to whom this world must it
 selfe refer,
 As Suburbs, or the Microcosme
 of her,
 Shee; shee is dead; shee's dead:
 when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowst how lame a crip-
 ple this world is.
 And learnst thus much by our
 Anatomy,
 That this worlds generall sick-
 nesse doth not lie
 In any humour, or one certaine
 part;
 But as thou sawest it rotten at the
 heart,
 Thou seest a Heſtique feuer hath
 got hold
 Of the whole substance, not to
 be contrould.
 And that thou hast but one way,
 not r'admit

C

The

The worlds infection, to be
none of it.
For the worlds subtilst imma-
teriall parts
Feele this consuming wound,
and ages darts.
Eor the worlds beauty is de-
cayd, or gone,
Beauty, that's colour, and pro-
portion.
We thinke the heauens enioy
their Sphericall
Their round proportion em-
bracing all.
But yet their various and per-
plexed course,
Obseru'd in diuerse ages doth
enforce
Men to find out so many Eccen-
trique parts,
Such diuers downe-right lines,
such ouerthwarts,

As

*Disformity
of parts.*

As disproportion that pure
forme: It teares
The Firmament in eight and
forty sheeres,
And in these constillations then
arise
New starres, and old doe vanish
from our eyes :
As though heau'n suffered earth
quakes, peace or war,
When new Towers rise, and old
demolish't are.
They haue impayld within a
Zodiacke
The free-borne Sun, and keepe
twelue signes awake
To watch his stepps; the Goat
and Crabbe controule,
And fright him backe, who els
to either Pole,
(Did not these Tropiques fetter
him) might runne :

C:

For



For his course is not round; nor
 can the Sunne
 Perfit a Circle, or maintaine his
 way
 One inche direct; but where he
 rose to day
 He comes no more, but with a
 consening line,
 Steales by that point, and so is
 Serpentine:
 And seeming weary with his
 reeling thus,
 He meanes to sleepe, being now
 false neerer vs.
 So, of the Starres which boast
 that they doe runne.
 In Circle still, none ends where
 he begunne.
 All their proportion's lame, it
 sinckes, it swels.
 For of Meridians, and Paral-
 lels,

Man

Man hath weaved out a net, and
 this net throwne
 Vpon the Heauens, and now
 they are his owne.
 Loth to goe vp the hill, or la-
 bour thus
 To goe to heauen, we make
 heauen come to vs.
 We spur, we raigne the stars,
 and in their race
 They're diuersly content to obey
 our peace,
 But keeps the earth her round
 proportion still?
 Doth not a Tenarif, or higher
 Hill
 Rise so high like a Rocke, that
 one might thinke
 The floating Moonewold ship-
 wracke there, and sinke?
 Seas are so deepe, that Whales
 being strooke to day,

C3

Per

List of the names of the persons who have been admitted to the office of the Secretary of the Board of Education, since the last meeting of the Board, and the date of their admission.	
1. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
2. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
3. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
4. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
5. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
6. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
7. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
8. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
9. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
10. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
11. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
12. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
13. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
14. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
15. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
16. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
17. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
18. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
19. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
20. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
21. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
22. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
23. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
24. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
25. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
26. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
27. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
28. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
29. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
30. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
31. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
32. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
33. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
34. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
35. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
36. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
37. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
38. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
39. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
40. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
41. Mr. J. H. Smith	1880
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An Anatomy of the world

Perchance too morrow, scarce
at middle way

Of their wish'd iourneys ende,
the bottom, die.

And men, to sound depths, so
much line vntie,

As one might iustly thinke, that
there would rise

At end thereof, one of th' Anti-
podies :

If vnder all, a Vault infernall
be,

(Which sure is spacious, except
that we

Inuent another torment, that
there must

Millions into a strait hot roome
be thrust)

Then solidnesse, and roundnesse
haue no place.

Are these but warts, and pock-
holes in the face

Of

The first Anniversary.

Of th' earth : Thinke so : But yet
confesse, in this

The worlds proportion disfigu-
red is,

That those two legges whereon
it doth rely,

Reward and punishment are
bent awry.

And, Oh, it can no more be que-
stioned,

That beauries best, proportion, is
dead,

Since euen grieve it selfe, which
now alone

Is left vs, is without propor-
tion.

Shee by whose lines proportion
should bee

Examin'd, measure of all Sym-
metree,

Whom had that Ancient scene,
who thought soules made

C 4

Of

*Disorder in
the world.*

An Anatomy of the world

Of Harmony, he would at next
 haue said
 That Harmony was shee, and
 thence infer.
 That soules were but Resultan-
 ces from her,
 And did from her into our bo-
 dies goc,
 As to our eyes, the formes from
 objects flow :
 Shee, who if those great Doctors
 truly said
 That the Arke to mans propor-
 tion was made,
 Had beene a type for that, as
 that might be
 A type of her in this, that con-
 trary
 Both Elements and Passions
 liu'd at peace
 In her, who caus'd all Ciuill
 war to cease.

Shee

The first Anniiuersary.

Shee, after whom, what forme
 soe' rewe see,
 Is discord, and rude incongrui-
 tee,
 Shee, shee is dead, she's dead;
 when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowst how vgly a mon-
 ster this world is :
 And learnst thus much by our
 Anatomie,
 That here is nothing to enamor
 thee :
 And that, not onely faults in in-
 ward parts,
 Corruptions in our brains, or in
 our hearts.
 Poysoning the fountaines,
 whence our actions spring,
 Endanget vs : but that if euery
 thing
 Be not done fity'nd in propor-
 tion,

To



An Anatomy of the world

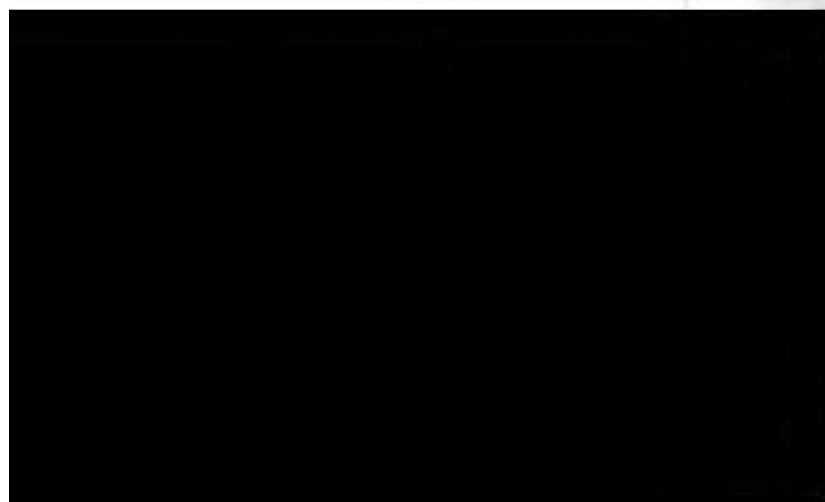
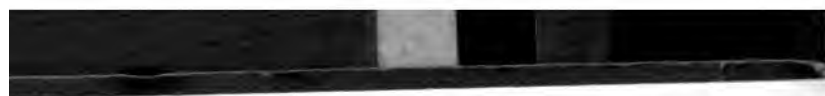
To satisfie wise, and good loo-
 kers on,
 (Since most men be such as most
 thinke they bee)
 They're lothsome too, by this
 Deformitee.
 For good, and well, must in our
 actions meere;
 Wicked is not much worse then
 indiscreet.
 But beauties other second Ele-
 ment,
 Colour, and lustre now, is as
 neere spent.
 And had the world his iust pro-
 portion,
 Were it a ring still, yet the stone
 is gone.
 As a compassionate Turcoyse
 which doth tell
 By looking pale, the wearer is
 not well,

As

The first Anniuer/ary.

As gold fals sicke being stung
 with Mercury,
 All the worlds parts of such
 complexion bee.
 When nature was most busie,
 the first weeke,
 Swadling the new borne earth
 God seemd to like,
 That she should sport her selfe
 sometimes, and play,
 To mingle, and vary colours e-
 uery day.
 And then, as though she could
 not make inow,
 Himselfe his various Rainbow
 did allow,
 Sight is the noblest sense of any
 one,
 Yet sight hath onely colour to
 feede on,
 And colour is decayd: summers
 robe growes

Duskie,



An Anatomy of the world

Duskie, and like an oft dyed
 garment shewes.
 Our blushing redde, which vs'd
 in cheekes to spred,
 Is inward sunke and onely our
 soules are redde.
 Perchance the world might
 haue recouered,
 If shee whom we lament had
 not bene dead:
 But shee, in whom all white, and
 red, and blew
 (Beauties ingredients) volunta-
 ry grew,
 As in an vnnext Paradise, from
 whom
 Did all things verdure, and their
 lustre come,
 Whose composition was mira-
 culous,
 Being all colour, all Diapha-
 nous,

(For

The first Anniversary.

(For Ayre, and Fire but thicke
 grosse bodies were,
 And liueliest stones but drow-
 sic, and pale to her,)
 Shee, shee, is dead; she's dead:
 when thou knowst this,
 Thou knowest how wana Ghost
 this our world is:
 And learnst thus much by our
 Anatomie,
 That it should more affright,
 then pleasure thee.
 And that, since all faire colour
 then did sinke,
 'Tis now but wicked vanitie to
 thinke,
 To colour vicious deeds with
 good pretence,
 Or with bought colors to illude
 mens sense.
 Nor in ought more this worlds
 decay appears,

Then

*Peaks
 in the want
 of correspon-
 dence of hea-
 ven & earth.*

Then that her influence the
 heau'n forbears,
 Or that the Elements doe not
 feele this,
 The father, or the mother bar-
 ren is.
 The clouds conceiue not raine,
 or doe not powre.
 In the due birth-time, down the
 balmy showre.
 Th' Ayre doth not motherly sit
 on the earth,
 To hatch her seasons, and giue
 all things birth.
 Spring-times were common
 cradles, but are roombes,
 And false-conceptions fill the
 generall wombes.
 Th' ayre shoves such Meteors,
 as none can see,
 Not onely what they meane, but
 what they bee.

Earth

Earth such new wormes, as
 would haue troubled much,
 Th' Egyptian *Mages* to haue
 made more such.
 What Artist now dares boast
 that he can bring
 Heauen hither, or constellate
 any thing,
 So as the influence of those
 starres may bee
 Imprisoned in an Hearbe, or
 Charme, or Tree,
 And doe by touch, all which
 those starres could doe?
 The art is lost, and correspon-
 dence too.
 For heauen giues little, and the
 earth takes lesse,
 And man least knowes their
 trade and purposes.
 If this commerce twixt heauen
 and earth were not

Em.



An Anatomy of the world

Embar'd, and all this trafique
quite forgot,
Shce, for whose losse we haue
lamented thus,
Would worke more fully and
pow'rfully on vs.
Since herbes and roots by dy-
ing, lose not all,
But they, yea Ashes too, are
medicinall,
Death could not quench her ver-
tue so, but that
It would be (if not follow'd)
wondred at:
And all the world would be one
dying Swan,
To sing her funerall praise, and
vanish than.
But as some Serpents poyson
hurleth not,
Except it be from the liue Ser-
pent shot,

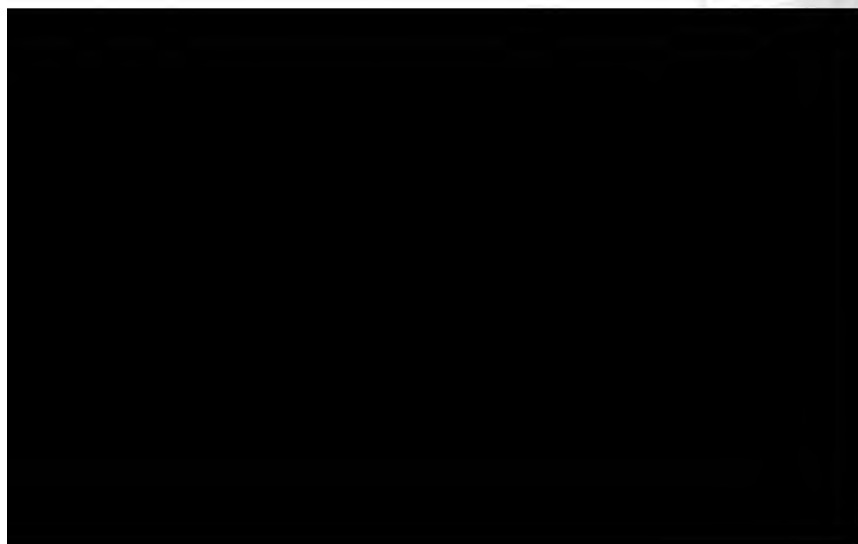
So

The first Anniuersary.

So doth her vertue need her
here, to fit
That vnto vs, she working more
then it.
But she, in whom, to such matu-
rity,
Vertue was grown, past growth,
that it must die,
She from whose influence all
Impression came,
But by receiuers impotencies,
lame,
Who, though she could not
transubstantiate
All states to gold, yet gilded
euery state,
So that some Princes haue some
temperance;
Some Counsellors some pur-
pose to aduance
The common profite; and some
people haue

D

Some



An Anatomy of the world

Some stay, no more then Kings
 should giue, to craue;
 Some women haue some taci-
 turnity,
 Some Nunneries, some graines
 of chastity.
 She that did thus much, & much
 more could doe,
 But that our age was Iron, and
 rusty too,
 Shee, shee is dead; shee's dead:
 when thou knowest this,
 Thou knowest how drie a Cin-
 der this world is.
 And learnst thus much by our
 Anatomy,
 That 'tis in vaine to dew, or mol-
 lifie
 It with thy Teares, or Sweat, or
 Blood: no thing
 Is worth our trauaile, grieve, or
 perishing,

But

The first Anniuersary.

But those rich ioyes, which did
 possesse her heart,
 Of which shee's now partaker,
 and a part.
 But as in cutting vp a man that's
 dead,
 The body will not last out to
 haue read
 On euery part, and therefore
 men direct
 Their speech to parts, that are of
 most effect;
 So the worlds carcasfe would
 not last, if I
 Were punctuall in this
 Anatomy.
 Nor smells it well to hearers, if
 one tell
 Them their disease, who faine
 would thinke they're well.
 Here therefore be the end: And,
 blessed maid,

Conclusion.

D 2

Of



Of whom is meant what euer
 hath beene said,
 Or shall be spoken well by any
 tongue,
 Whole name refines course
 lines, and makes prose song,
 Accept this tribute, and his first
 yeeres rent,
 Who till his darke short tapers
 end be spent,
 As oft as thy feast sees this wi-
 dowed earth,
 Will yeerely celebrate thy se-
 cond birth,
 That is, thy death. For though
 the soule of man
 Be got when man is made, 'tis
 borne but than
 When man doth die, Our bodi's
 as the wombe,
 And as a Mid-wife death directs
 it home.

And

And you her creatures, whom
 she workes vpon
 And haue your last, and best
 concoction
 From her example, and her ver-
 tue, if you
 In reuerence to her, doe thinke
 it due,
 That no one should her prayses
 thus reherse,
 As matter fit for Chronicle, not
 verse,
 Vouchsafe to call to minde, that
 God did make
 A last, and lastingst peece, a song.
 He spake
 To Moses, to deliuer vnto
 all,
 That song : because he knew
 they would let fall,
 The Law, the Prophets, and the
 History,

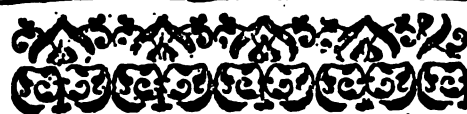
D 3

But



But keepe the song still in their
memory.
Such an opinion (in due mea-
sure) made
Me this great Office boldly to in-
uade.
Nor could incomprehensible-
nesse deterre
Me, from thus trying to empri-
son her.
Which when I saw that a strict
graue could doe,
I saw not why verse might not
doe so too.
Verse hath a middle nature :
Heauen keepes soules,
The Graue keepes bodies,
Verse the same enroules.

A

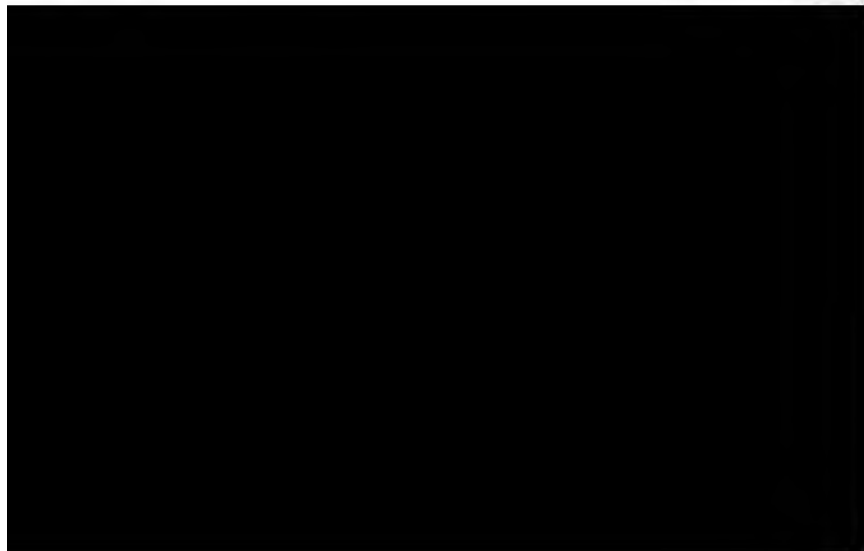


A FVNERALL
ELIGI.

Tis lost, to trust a Toombe with
such a guest,
Or to confine her in a Marble
chest.
Alas, what's Marble, leat, or
Porphiry,
Priz'd with the Chrysolite of
either eye,
Or with those Pearles, and Rubies
which shee was?
Ioyne the two Indies in one Tombe,
'tis glas;
And so is all to her mate-
rials,

D 4

Though



Though. euery inch were ten'escu-
 rials.
 Yet shee's demolished: Can we keepe
 her then
 In workes of hands, or of the wits of
 men?
 Can these memorials, ragges of pa-
 per, giue
 Life to that name, by which name
 they must liue?
 Sickly, alas, short liu'd, aborted
 bee
 Those Carkas verses, whose soule is
 not shee.
 And can shee, who no longer would
 be shee,
 Being such a Tabernacle, stoope to
 bee
 In paper wrapt; Or, when shee
 would not lie
 In such a house, dwell in an Ele-
 gie?

But

But 'tis no matter; we may well al-
 low
 Verse to liue so long as the world
 will now
 For her death wounded it. The
 world containes
 Princes for armes, and Counsailors
 for braines,
 Lawyers for tongues, Diuines for
 hearts, and more,
 The Rich for stomachs, and for
 backs the Poore;
 The officers for hands, Merchants
 for feet
 By which remote and distant Coun-
 tries meet.
 But those fine spirits which doe tune
 and set
 This Organ, are those peeces which
 beget
 Wonder and loue; And these were
 shee; and shee

Being



*Being spent, the world must needs
 decrepit bee.
 For since death will proceed to tri-
 umph still,
 He can finde nothing, after her, to
 kill,
 Except the world it selfe, so great as
 shee.
 Thus braue and confident may Na-
 ture bee,
 Death cannot giue her such another
 blow,
 Because shee cannot such another
 show.
 But must we say shee's dead? May't
 not be said
 That as a sundred Clocke is peece-
 meale laid,
 Not to be lost, but by the makers
 hand
 Repo'sh'd, without error then to
 stand,*

Or

*Or as the Affrique Niger streame
 enwombs
 It selfe into the earth, and after
 comes,
 (Hauing first made a naturall
 bridge, to passe
 For many leagues,) farre greater
 then it was,
 May't not be said, that her graue
 shall restore
 Her, greater, purer, firmer, then
 before?
 Heauen may say this, and ioy in't,
 but can wee
 Who liue, and lacke her, here this
 vantage see?
 What is't to vs, alas, if there haue
 beene
 An Angell made a Throne, or Che-
 rubin?
 We lose by't: And as aged men are
 glad*

Being



Being tastelesse growne, to ioy in
 ioyes they had,
 So now the sick starr'd world must
 feed upon
 This ioy, that we had her, who now
 is gone.
 Reioyce then nature, and this world,
 that you
 Fearing the last fires hastning to
 subdue
 Your force and vigor, ere it were
 neere gone,
 Wisely bestow'd, and laid it all on
 one.
 One, whose cleare body was so pure,
 and thin,
 Because it need disguise no thought
 within.
 T'was but a through-light scarfe,
 her mindc t' enroule,
 Or exhalation breath'd out from
 her soule.

One,

One, whom all men who durst no
 more, admir'd,
 And whom, who ere had worth
 enough, desir'd;
 As when a Temple's built, Saints
 emulate
 To which of them, it shall be conse-
 crate.
 But as when Heauen looks on vs
 with new eyes,
 Those new starres euery Artist ex-
 ercise,
 What place they should assigne to
 them they doubt.
 Argue, and agree not, till those
 starres goe out:
 So the world studied whose this
 peece should be.
 Till she can be no bodies else, nor
 bee:
 But like a Lampe of Balsamum,
 desir'd

Rather



A Funerall Elegie.

Rather t' adorne, then last. shee
 soone expir'd;
 Cloath'd in her Virgin white inte-
 grity;
 For marriage, though it doe not
 staine, doth dye.
 To scape th'infirmities which waite
 upon
 Woman, shee went away, before
 sh' was one.
 And the worlds busie noyse to over-
 come,
 Tooke so much death, as seru'd for
 opium,
 For though she could not, nor could
 chuse to die,
 Shee ath yeelded to too long an
 Extasie.
 He which not knowing her said Hi-
 story,
 Should come to read the booke of
 destinie,

How

A Funerall Elegie.

How faire and chaste, humble and
 high shee ad beene,
 Much promis'd, much perform'd, as
 not fisteene,
 And measuring future things, by
 things before,
 Should turne the leafe to read, and
 read no more,
 Would thinke that either destinie
 mistooke,
 Or that some leaues were torne out
 of the booke.
 But tis not so. Fate did but vs her
 her
 To yeares of Reasons vse, and then
 infer
 Her destinie to her selfe; which li-
 bertie
 Shee tooke but for thus much, thus
 much to die.
 Her modesty not suffering her to
 bee

Fellow-

A Funerall Elegie.

*Fellow-Commissioner with desti-
 nee,
 She did no more but die; if after
 her
 Any shall liue, which dare true good
 prefer,
 Euery such person is her deli-
 gate,
 T' accomplish that which should
 haue beene her fate.
 They shall make up that booke, and
 shall haue thanks.
 Of fate and her, for filling up their
 blankes.
 For future vertuous deeds are Le-
 gacies.
 Which from the gift of her example
 rise.
 And 'tis in heau'n part of spirituall
 mirth,
 To see how well, the good play her,
 on earth.*

FINIS.

The second Anniuersarie.

OF
 THE PROGRES
 of the Soule.

Wherein,

BY OCCASION OF
 the Religious death of Mistris

ELIZABETH DRY,

the incommodities of the Soule

*in this life, and her exaltation in
 the next, are Contem-
 plated.*



LONDON,

Printed by A. Mathewes for Tho: Deme, and are
 to be sold at his shop in Saint Dunstons Church-
 yard in Fleetstreet: 1621.



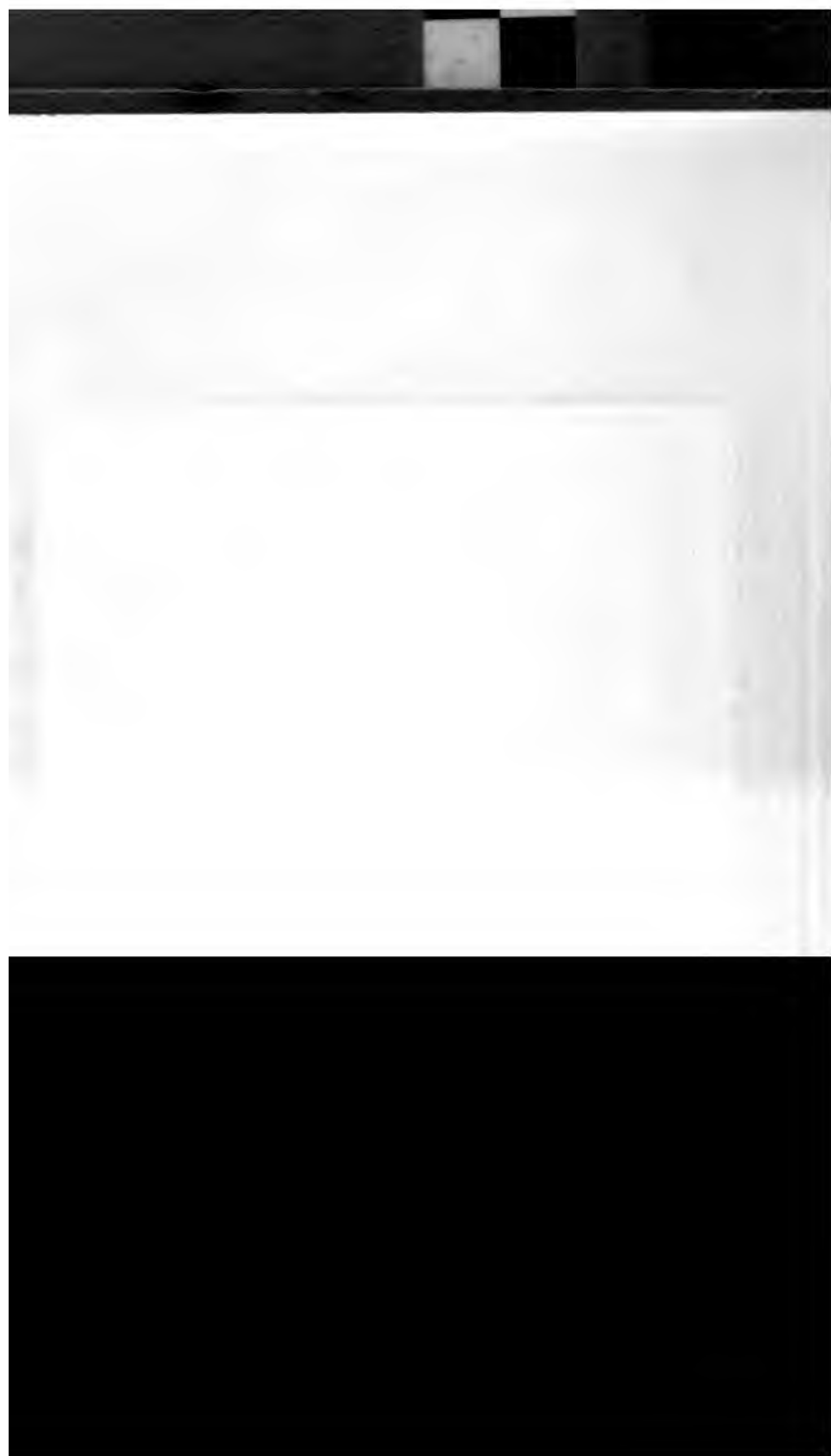


THE HARBINGER
to the Progresse.

Two soules moue here, and mine
(a third) must moue
Paces of admiration, and of
loue;
Thy soule (Deare Virgin) whose
this tribute is,
Mou'd from this mortall sphere to
linely blisse;
And yet moues still, and still aspires
to see
The worlds last day, thy glories full
degree :

E 2

Like



Of the Progressse of the Soule :

*Like as those starres which thou
ore-lookest farre,
Are in their place, and yet still
moued are.
No soule (whiles with the luggage of
this clay
It clogged is) can follow thee halfe
way ;
Or see thy flight ; which doth our
thoughts outgoe
So fast, that now the lightning
moues but slow :
But now thou art as high in heauen
flowne
As heau'ns from vs ; what soule be-
sides thine owne
Can tell thy ioyes, or say he can re-
lite
Thy glorious Iourneys in that blef-
sed state ?
I enuie thee (Rich soule) I enuie
thee,*

Although

to the Progressse.

*Although I cannot yet thy glory
see :
And thou (Great spirit) which
her's follow'd hast
So fast, as none can follow thine so
fast ;
So farre as none can follow thine so
farre,
(And if this flesh did not the pas-
sage barre
Had'st caught her) let me wonder
at thy flight
Which long agoe had'st oft the
vulgar sight
And now mak'st proud the better
eyes, that thay
Can see thee les'n'd in thine aery
way ;
So while thou mak'st her soule by
progressse knowne
Thou mak'st a noble progressse of
thine owne.*

E 3

From



The Harbinger

*From this worlds carcasſe having
mounted hie
To that pure life of Immorta-
litie;
Since thine aspiring thoughts them-
ſelves ſo raiſe
That more may not beſeeme a crea-
tures praiſe,
Yet ſtill thou vow'ſt her more; and
every yeare
Ma'ſt a new Progreſſe, while thou
wand'reſt here;
Still upward mount; and let thy
makers praiſe
Honor thy Laura, and adorne thy
laiſes.
And ſince thy Muſe her head in
heaven ſhrouds
Oh let her neuer ſtoope below the
clouds.
And if thoſe glorious ſainted ſoules
may know*

Or

to the Progreſſe.

*Or what we doe, or what we ſing
below,
Thoſe acts, thoſe ſongs ſhall ſtill
content them beſt
Which praiſe thoſe awfull powers
that make them bleſt.*

E 4

THE







The second Anniuersary

OF
THE PROGRES
of the Soule.

NOthing could make me sooner to confesse,
That this world had an euerlastingnesse,
Then to consider, that a yeare is runne,
Since both this lower worlds,
and the Sunnes Sunne,
The Lustre, and the vigor of
this All,

The entrance,

Did



Did set; t'were Blasphemy, to
 say, did fall.
 But as a ship which hath strooke
 saile, doth runne,
 By force of that force which be-
 fore, it wonne:
 Or as sometimes in a beheaded
 man,
 Through at those two Red seas,
 which freely ran,
 One from the Trunke, another
 from the Head,
 His soule he saile, to her eternall
 bed,
 His eies will twinkle, and his
 tongue will roll,
 As though he beckned, and cal'd
 backe his Soule,
 He graspes his hands, and he puts
 vp his feet,
 And seemes to reach, and to step
 forth to meet

His

His soule; when all these moti-
 ons which we saw,
 Are but as Ice, which crackles at
 a thaw :
 Or as a lute, which in moist wea-
 ther, rings
 Her knell alone, by cracking of
 her strings.
 So strugles this dead world,
 now shee is gone;
 For there is motion in corrup-
 tion.
 As some Daies are, at the Crea-
 tion nam'd,
 Before the Sunne, the which
 fram'd Daies, was fram'd,
 So after this Sunnes set, some
 show appeares,
 And orderly vicissitude of
 yeares.
 Yet a new Deluge, and of *Lethe*
 flood,

Hath

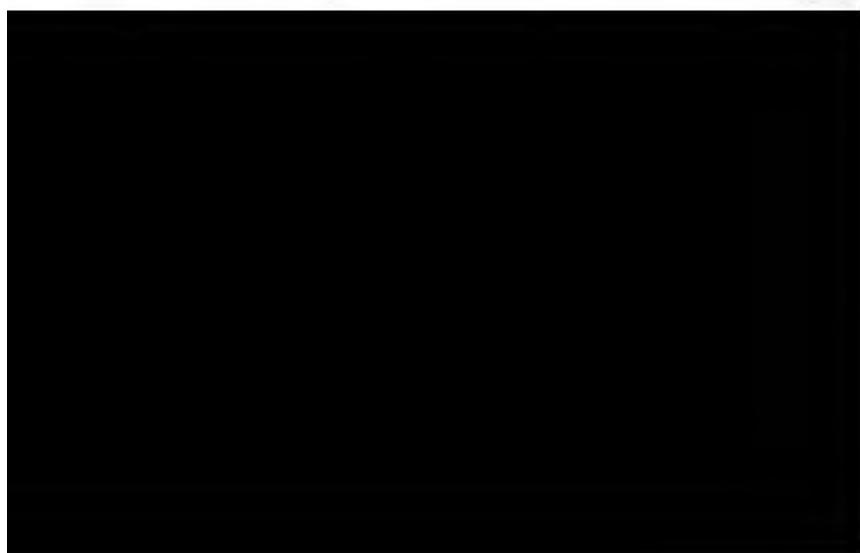
Hath drown' vs all, All haue forgot all good,
 Forgetting her, the miane Re-
 serue of all,
 Yet in this Deluge, grosse and
 generall,
 Thou seest me striue for life; my
 life shall be,
 To bee hereafter prais'd, for
 praying thee,
 Immortall Maid, who though
 thou wouldst refuse
 The name of Mother, be vnto
 my Muse,
 A Father since her chaste Ambi-
 tion is,
 Yearely to bring forth such a
 child as this.
 These Hymes may worke on fu-
 ture wits, and so
 May great Grand-children of
 thy praises grow.

And

And so, though not Reuiue, em-
 balme, and spice
 The world which else would pu-
 trifie with vice.
 For thus, Man may extend thy
 progeny,
 Vntill man doe but vanish, and
 not die.
 These Hymus they issue, may
 encrease so long,
 Astill Gods great *Venite* change
 the song.
 Thirst for that time, O my insa-
 tiate soule,
 And serue thy thirst, with Gods
 safe-sealing Bowle.
 Bee thirsty still, and drinke still
 till thou goe;
 To th'onely Health, to be Hy-
 droptique so.
 Forget this rotten world; And
 vnto thee,

Let

*A iust dis-
 estimation
 of this
 world.*



Let thine owne times as an old
 story be
 Be not concern'd : study not
 why, nor whan;
 Doe not so much, as not beleue
 a man.
 For though to erre, be worst, to
 try truths forth,
 Is far more busines, then this
 world is worth.
 The world is but a carcasse; thou
 art fed
 By it, but as a worme, that carcas
 bred;
 And why shouldst thou, poore
 worme, consider more,
 When this world will grow bet-
 ter then before,
 Then those thy fellow-wormes
 doe thinke vpon
 That carcasses last resurrecti-
 one.

Forget

Forget this world, and scarce
 thinke of it so,
 As of old cloaths, cast off a yeeere
 agoe.
 To be thus stupid is Ala-
 crity;
 Men thus lethargique haue best
 Memory.
 Looke vpward, that's towards
 her, whose happy state
 We now lament not, but congra-
 tulate.
 Shee, to whom all this world
 twas but a stage,
 Where all sat harkning how her
 youthfull age
 Should be employd, because in
 all, shee did,
 Some Figure of the Golden
 times, was hid.
 Who could not lacke, what ere
 this world could giue,
 Because



Because shee was the forme,
 that made it liue;
 Nor could complaine, that this
 world was vnfit,
 To be staid in, then when shee
 was in it;
 Shee that first tried indifferent
 desires
 By vertue, and vertue by religi-
 ous fires,
 Shee to whose person Paradise
 adheard,
 As Courts to Princes, she whose
 eies enspheard
 Star-light inough, t'haue made
 the South controll,
 (Had shee beene there) the Star-
 full Northern Pole,
 Shee, shee is gone; shee is gone;
 when thou knowest this,
 What fragmentary rubbidge this
 world is.

Thou

Thou knowest, and that it is not
 worth a thought;
 He honours it too much that
 thinkes it nought.
 Thinke then, My soule, that
 death is but a Groome,
 Which brings a Taper to the
 outward roome,
 Whence thou spiest first a little
 glimmering light,
 And after brings it nearer to thy
 sight:
 For such approaches doth heauen
 make in death.
 Thinke thy selfe labouring now
 with broken breath,
 And thinke those broken & soft
 Notes to bee
 Diuision, and thy happiest Har-
 monie.
 Thinke thee laid on thy death-
 bed, loose and slacke;

F

And

*Contempla-
 tion of our
 state in our
 death-bed.*



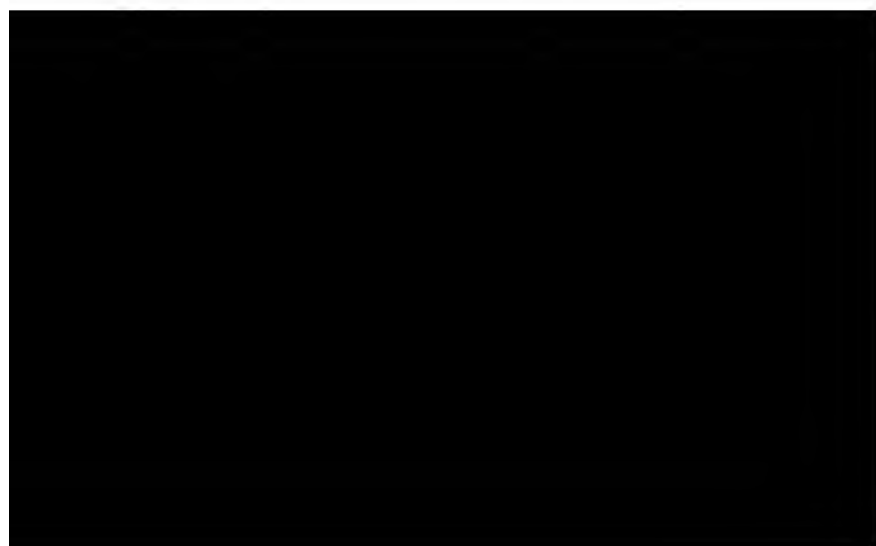
And thinke that but vnbinding
 of a packe,
 To take one precious thing, thy
 soule, from thence.
 Thinke thy selfe parch'd with
 feuers violence,
 Anger thine Ague more, by cal-
 ling it
 Thy Physicke, chide the slacknes
 of the fit.
 Thinke that thou hear'st thy
 knell, and thinke no more,
 But that, as Bels cal'd thee to
 Church before,
 So this, to the Triumphant
 Church, calls thee.
 Thinke Satans Sergeants round
 about thee bee,
 And thinke that but for Lega-
 ciest they thrust;
 Giue one thy Pride, to another
 giue thy Lust:

Giue

Giue them those finnes which
 they gaue thee before,
 And trust th'immaculate blood
 to wash thy score.
 Thinke thy friends weeping
 round, and thinke that thay
 Weepe but because they goe not
 yet thy way.
 Thinke that they close thine
 eyes, and thinke in this,
 That they confesse much in the
 world, amisse,
 Who dare not trust a dead mans
 eye with that,
 Which they from God, and An-
 gels couer not.
 Thinke that they shourd thee
 vp, and thinke from thence
 They reinuest thee in white in-
 nocence.
 Thinke that thy body rots, and
 (if so lowe,

F 2

Thy



Thy soule exhaled so, thy
 thoughts can goe.)
 Thinkethee a Prince, who of
 themselves create
 Wormes which insensibly de-
 uoure their state.
 Thinke that they bury thee, and
 thinke that right
 Laies thee to sleepe but a Saint
 Lucies night.
 Thinke these things cheerfully :
 and if thou bee
 Drowfie or slacke, remember
 then that shee,
 She whose Complexion was so
 euen made,
 That which of her Ingredients
 should inuade
 The other three, no Feare, no
 Art could guesse :
 So farre were all remou'd from
 more or lesse.

But

But as in Mithridate, or iust per-
 fumes,
 Where all good things being
 met, no one presumes
 To gouerne, or to triumph on
 the rest,
 Onely because all were, no part
 was best.
 And as, though all doe know,
 that quantities
 Are made of lines, and lines from
 Points arise,
 None can these lines or quanti-
 ties vnioynt,
 And say this is a line, or this a
 point,
 So though the Elements and
 Humors were
 In her, one could not say, this
 gouerns there:
 Whose euen constitution might
 haue worne

F 3

Any



Any disease to venter on the
 Sunne,
 Rather then her: and make a spi-
 rit feare
 That he to disuniting subiect
 were.
 To whose proportions if we
 would compare
 Cubes, th'are vnstable; Circles,
 Angulare;
 Shee who was such a Chaine, as
 Fate emploies
 To bring mankind, all Fortunes
 it enioyes,
 So fast, so euen wrought, as one
 would thinke,
 No Accident, could threaten a-
 ny linke,
 Shee, shee embrac'd a sicknesse,
 gaue it meat,
 The purest Blood, and Breath,
 that ere it eat.

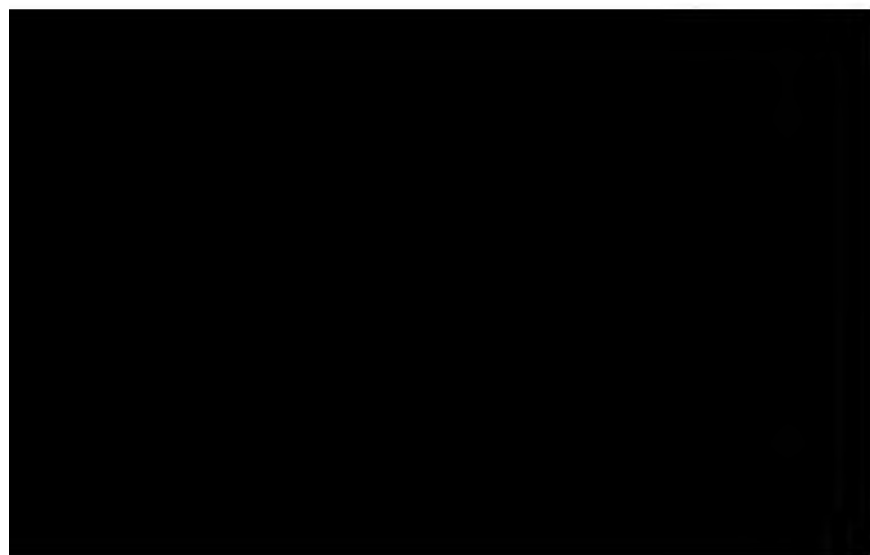
And

And hath taught vs that though
 a good man hath
 Title to Heauen, and plead it by
 his Faith,
 And though he may pretend a
 conquest, since
 Heauen was content to suffer
 violence,
 Yea though he plead a long pos-
 session too,
 (For they're in heauen on earth,
 who heauens workes do,)
 Though he had right, & power,
 and place before,
 Yet Death must ysher, and vn-
 locke the doore.
 Thinke further on thy selfe, my
 soule, and thinke;
 How thou at first wast made but
 in a sinke;
 Thinke that it argued some in-
 fermitie,

F 4

That

*Incommodi-
 ties of the
 Soule in the
 Body.*



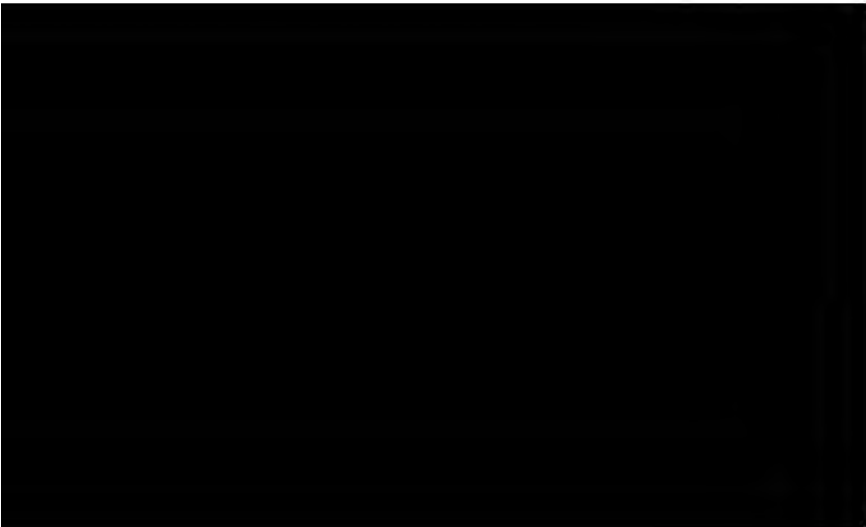
That those two soules, which
 then thou foundst in mee,
 Thou fedst upon, and drewst in-
 to thee, both
 My second soule of sence, and
 first of growth.
 Thinke but how poore thou
 wast, how obnoxious;
 Whom a small lump of flesh
 could poyson thus.
 This curded milke, this poore
 vnlettered whelpe
 My body, could, beyound es-
 cape, or helpe,
 Infect thee with originall sinne,
 and thou
 Couldst neither then refuse, nor
 leaue it now.
 Thinke that no stubborne sullen
 Anchorit,
 Which fixt to a Pillar, or a Graue
 doth sit

Bedded

Bedded and Bath'd in all his Or-
 dures, dwels
 So fowly as our soules, in their
 first-built Cels.
 Thinke in how poore a prison
 thou didst lie
 After, enabled but to sucke, and
 crie.
 Thinke, when t'was growne to
 most, t'was a poore Inne,
 A Prouince Pack'd vp in two
 yards of skinne.
 And that vsurped, or threatned
 with the rage
 Of sicknesses, or their true mo-
 ther, Age.
 But thinke that Death hath now
 enfranchis'd thee,
 Thou hast thy expausion now
 and libertee;
 Think that a rusty Peece, dis-
 charg'd, is flowen

*Her liberty
 by death.*

In



In peeces, and the bullet is his
 owne,
 And freely flies : This to thy
 soule allow,
 Think thy sheell broke, thinke
 thy Soule hatch'd but now.
 And think this slow-pac'd soule,
 which late did cleaue,
 To'a body, and went but by the
 bodies leaue,
 Twenty, perchance, or thirty
 mile a day,
 Dispatches in a minute all the
 way,
 Twixt Heauen, and Earth: shee
 staies not in the Ayre,
 To looke what Meteors there
 themselves prepare;
 Shee carries no desire to know,
 nor sense,
 Whether th'Ayrs middle Regi-
 on be intense,

For

For th'Element of fire, shee doth
 not know,
 Whether shee pass by such a
 place or no;
 Shee baits not at the Moone, nor
 cares to trie,
 Whether in that new world,
 men liue, and die.
 Venus regards her not, to'en-
 quire, how shee
 Can, (being one Star) Hesper,
 and Vesper bee,
 Hee that charm'd Argus eyes,
 sweet Mercury,
 Workes not on her, who now is
 growen all Ey;
 Who, if shee meete the body of
 the Sunne,
 Goes through, not staying till
 his course be runne;
 Who finds in Mars his Campe,
 no corps of Guard;

Nor

Nor is by Ioue, nor by his father
 bard;
 But ere she can consider how she
 went,
 At once is at, and through the
 Firmament.
 And as these starres were but so
 many beades
 Strunge on one string, speed vn-
 distinguish'd leades
 Her through those spheares, as
 through the beades, a string,
 Whose quicke succession makes
 it still one thing:
 As doth the Pith, which, leaft
 our Bodies slacke,
 Strings fast the little bones of
 necke, and backe;
 So by the soule doth death string
 Heauen and Earth,
 For when our soule enioyes this
 her third birth,

Creation

(Creation gaue her one, a se-
 cond, grace,)
 Heauen is as neare, and present
 to her face,
 As colours are, and obiects, in a
 roome
 Where darkenesse was before,
 when Tapers come.
 This must, my soule, thy long-
 short Progresse bee;
 To aduance these thoughts, re-
 member then, that shee
 Shee, whose faire body no such
 prison was,
 But that a soule might well be
 pleas'd to passe
 An age in her; she whose rich
 beauty lent
 Mintage to others beauties, for
 they went
 But for so much, as they were
 like to her;

Shee,

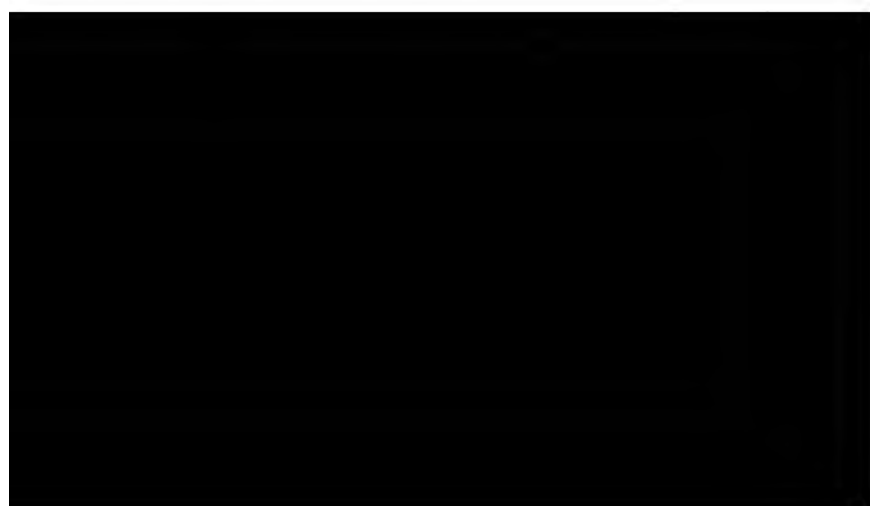


Shee, in whose body (if we dare
 prefer
 This low world, to so high a
 marke, as shee,)
 The Western treasure, Esterne
 spicerec,
 Europe, and Afrique, and the
 vnknown rest
 Were easily found, or what in
 them was best;
 And when w^e haue made this
 large Discoueree.
 Of all in her some one part then
 will bee
 Twenty such patts, whose plenty
 and riches is
 Inough to make twenty such
 worlds as this;
 Shee, whom had they knowne
 who did first betroth
 The Tutelar Angels, and assign-
 ed one, both

To

To Nations, Cities, and to
 Companies,
 To Fuctions, Offices, and Dig-
 nities,
 And to each seuerall man, to
 him, and him,
 They would haue giuen her one
 for euery limme;
 Shee, of whose soule, if we may
 say, it was Gold,
 Her body was th' Electrum, and
 did hold
 Many degrees of that; (we vn-
 stood
 Her by her sight, her pure and
 eloquent blood
 Spoke in her cheekes, and so di-
 stinckly wrought,
 That one might almost say, her
 body thought,
 Shee, shee, thus richly, & largely
 hous'd, is gone:

And



*Her ignorance in this
life and
knowledge
in the next.*

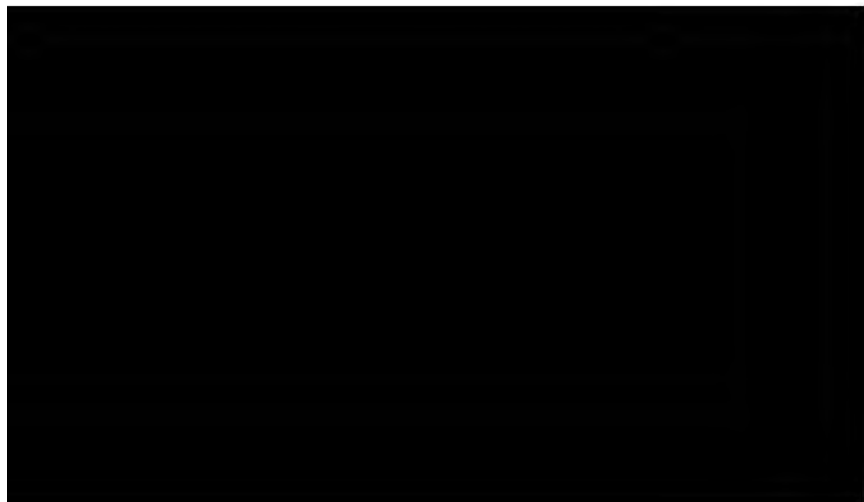
And chides vs slow-paced snailles
who crawle vpon
Our prisons prison, earth, nor
thinke vs well
Longer, then whilst we beare
our brittle shell.
But were but little to haue
chang'd our roome,
If, as we were in this our liuing.
Toombe
Oppress'd with ignorance, we
still were so,
Poore soule in this thy flesh
what do'st thou know.
Thou know'st thy selfe so little,
as thou know'st not,
How thou didst die, nor how
thou wast begot.
Thou neither know'st, how thou
at first cam'st in,
Nor how thou took'st the poy-
son of mans sin.

Nor

Nor dost thou, (though thou
know'st, that thou art so)
By what way thou art made
immortall, know.
Thou art too narrow, wretch,
to comprehend
Euen thy selfe: yea though thou
wouldst but bend
To know thy body. Haue not
all soules thought
For many ages, that our body is
wrought
Of Ayre, and Fire, and other E-
lements?
And now they thinke of new in-
gredients.
And one soule thinkes one, and
another way
Another thinkes, and ty's an
euen lay.
Know'st thou but how the stone
doth enter in

G

The



The bladders Caue, and neuer
brake the skin ?
Knowst thou how blood, which
to the heart doth flow,
Doth from one ventricle to
th'other goe ?
And for the putrid stufte, which
thou dost spit,
Knowst thou how thy lungs
haue attracted it ?
There are no passages so that
there is
(For ought thou knowst) pier-
cing of substances.
And of those many opinions
which men raise
Of Nayles and Haires, dost thou
know which to praise ?
What hope haue we to know
our selues, when we
Know not the least things, which
for our vse be ?

We

We see in Authours, too stiffe to
recant.
A hundred controuerfies of an
Ant.
And yet one watches, starues,
freezes, and sweats,
To know but Catechismes and
Alphabets
Of vnconcerning things, mat-
ters of fact ;
How others on our stage their
parts did Act,
What *Cesar* did, yea, and what
Cicero said.
Why grasse is greene, or why
our blood is red,
Are mysteries which none haue
reach'd vnto.
In this low forme, poore soule
what wilt thou doe ?
When wilt thou shake off this
Pedantry,

G 2

Of



Table 1: Summary of Data	
Category	Value
Group A	12.5
Group B	15.2
Group C	18.7
Group D	21.3
Group E	24.6
Group F	27.9
Group G	31.2
Group H	34.5
Group I	37.8
Group J	41.1



Of being thought by sense, and
 Fantasy:
 Thou look'st through spectacles;
 small things seeme great,
 Below; But vp vnto the watch-
 towre get,
 And see all things despoild of
 fallacies:
 Thou shalt not peepe through
 lattices of eies,
 Nor heare through Laberinth
 of cares, nor learne
 By circuit, or collections to dis-
 cerne.
 In heauen thou straight know'st
 all, concerning it,
 And what concerns it not, shall
 straight forget.
 There thou (but in no other
 schoole) maist bee
 Purchase, as learned, and as
 full, as shee,

Shee

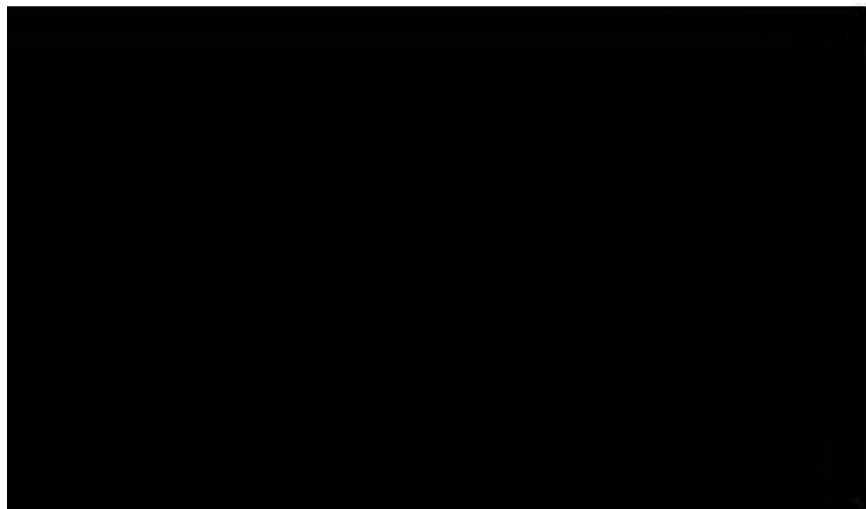
Shee who all Libraries had
 thoroughly red
 At home, in her own thoughts,
 and practised
 So much good as would make as
 many more:
 Shee whose example they must
 all implore,
 Who would or doe, or thinke
 well, and confesse
 That aie the vertuous Actions
 they expresse,
 Are but a new, and worse
 edition,
 Of her some one thought, or
 one action:
 Shee, who in th' Art of knowing
 Heauen, was growen
 Here vpon Earth, to such perfe-
 ction,
 That shee hath, euer since to
 Heauen shee came,

G 3

(In



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(In a far fairer point,) but read
the same:
Shee, shee, not satisfied withall
this waite,
(For so much knowledge, as
would ouer-fraire
Another, did but Ballast her) is
gone,
As well renioy, as get
perfectione.
And calls vs after her, in that shee
tooke,
(Taking her selfe) our best, and
worthiest booke.
Returne not, my soule, from this
extraſce,
And meditation of what thou
shalt bee,
To earthly thoughts, till it to
thee appeare,
With whom thy conuersation
must be there.

With

*Of our com-
pany in this
life and in
the next.*

With whom wilt thou Con-
uerſe? what ſtation
Canſt thou chooſe out, free
from infection,
That will nor giue thee theirs,
nor drinke in thine?
Shalt thou not finde a ſpongy
ſlacke Diuine
Drinke and ſucke in th' Inſtructi-
ons of Great men,
And for the word of God, vent
them agen?
Are there not ſome Courts,
(And then, no things bee
So like as Courts) which, in this
let vs ſee,
That wits and tongues of Libel-
lars are weake,
Because they doe more ill, then
theſe can ſpeake?
The poyſon is gone throughall,
poyſons affect

G 4

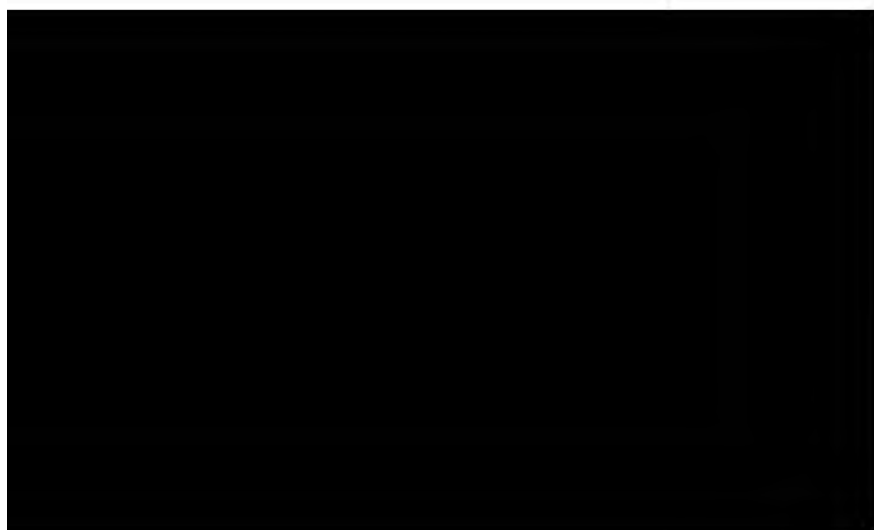
Chiefly

Chiefly the cheefest parts, but
 some effect
 In Nailes, and Haires, yea excre-
 ments, will show;
 So wise the poyson of sinne, in
 the most low.
 Vp vp, my drowfie soule, where
 thy new eare
 Shall in the Angels songs no dis-
 cord heare;
 Where thou shalt see the blessed
 Mother-maid
 Ioy in not being that, which
 men haue said.
 Where shee is exalted more for
 being good,
 Then for her interest, of mo-
 ther-hood.
 Vp to those Patriackes, which
 did longer sit
 Expecting Christ, then't they
 haue enioy'd him yet.

Vp

Vp to those Prophets, which
 now gladly see
 Their Prophecies grown to be
 Historee.
 Vp to th' Apostles, who did
 brauely runne,
 All the Suns course, with more
 light then the Sunne.
 Vp to those Martyrs, who did
 calmly bleed
 Oyle to th' Apostles lamps, dew
 to their seed.
 Vp to those Virgins, who
 thought that almost
 They made ioyntenants with
 the Holy Ghost,
 If they to any should his Tem-
 ple giue.
 Vp, vp, for in that Squadron
 there dorth liue
 Shee, who hath carried thether,
 new degrees

(As



Sic 34

35

Of the Progresse of the Soule :

(As to their number) to their
dignities.
Shee, who beeing to herselfe, a
state enioyd
All royalties which any state
employd,
For shee made wars, and tri-
umph'd; reason still
Did not ouerthrow, but rectifie
her will :
And shee made peace, for no
peace is like this,
That beauty and chastity roge-
ther kisse :
Shee did high iustice; for shee
crucified
Euery first motion of rebellious
pride :
And shee gaue pardons, and was
liberall,
For, onely her selfe except, shee
pardond all :

Shee

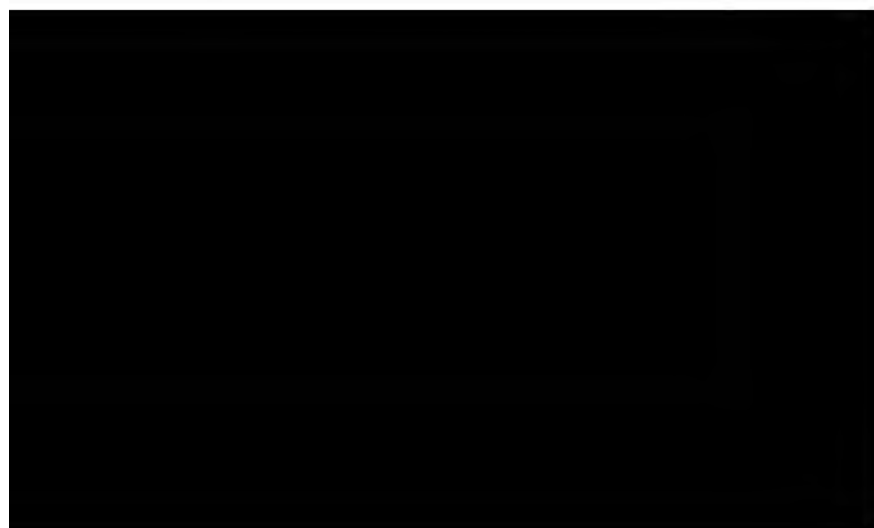
Sic 35

34

The second Anniversarie.

Shee coynd, in this, that her im-
pressions gaue
To all our actions all the worth
they haue :
Shee gaue protections; the
thoughts of her brest
Satans rude Officers could nere
arrest.
As these prerogatiues being met
in one,
Made her a soueraigne state, re-
ligion
Made her a Church; and these
two made her all.
Shee who was all this All, and
could not fall
To worse, by company; (for she
was still
More Antidote, then all the
world was ill,
Shee, shee doth leaue it, and by
Death, suruiue

All



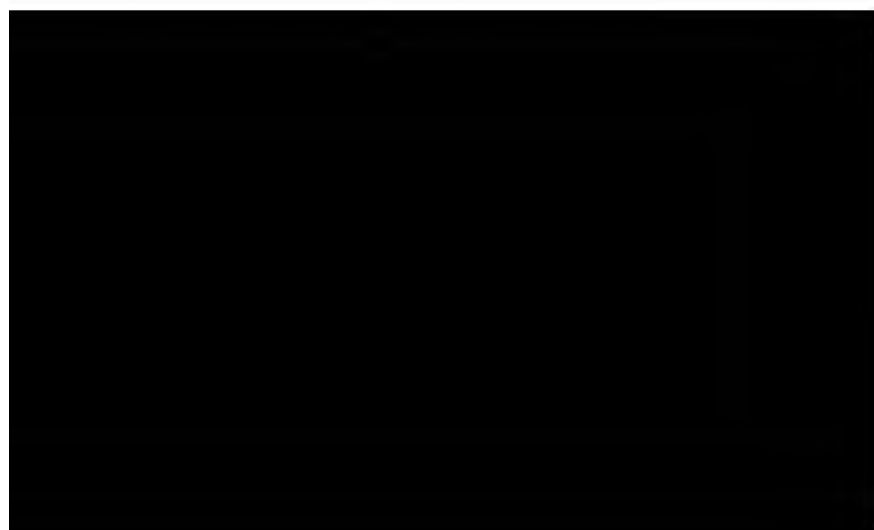
*Of essentiall
ioy in this
life and in
the next.*

All this, in Heauen; whether
who doth not strue
The more, because shee's there,
he doth not know
That accidentall ioyes in Hea-
uen doe grow.
But pause, My soule, and study
ere thou fall
On accidentall ioyes, th'essenti-
all.
Still before Accessories doe
abide
A triall, must the principall be
tride.
And what essentiall ioy canst
thou expect
Here vpon earth ? what perma-
nent effect
Of transitory causes ? Dost thou
loue
Beauty ? (And Beaury worthy't
is to moue)

Poore

Poore coue'n'd cose'nor, that
she, and that thou,
Which did begin to loue, are
neither now.
You are both fluid, chang'd
since yesterday;
Next day repaires, (but ill) last
dayes decay.
Nor are, (Although the riuer
keepe the name)
Yesterdayes waters, and to daies
the same.
So flowes her face, & thine eies,
neither now
That Saint, nor Pilgrime, which
your louing row
Concern'd, remaines, but whil'st
you thinke you bee
Constant, you're hourly in in-
constancee.
Honour may haue pretence vn-
to our loue,

Be-



Because that God did liue so
 long aboue
 Without this Honour, and then
 lou'd it so,
 That he at last made Creatures
 to bestow
 Honour on him; not that he need-
 ed it,
 But that, to his hands, man might
 grow more fit.
 But since all honours from infe-
 rious flow,
 (For they doe giue it; Princes
 doe but show
 Whom they would haue so ho-
 nored) and that this
 On such opinions, and capaci-
 ties
 Is built, as rise, and fall, to more
 and lesse,
 Alas, tis but a casuall happi-
 nesse.

Hath

Hath euer any man to'himselfe
 assigned
 This or that happinesse, to'arrest
 his minde,
 But that another man, which
 takes a worse,
 Thinke him a foole for hauing
 tane that course?
 They who did labour Babels
 tower to erect,
 Might haue considered, that for
 that effect,
 All this whole solid Earth could
 not allow
 Nor furnish forth Materials
 enow;
 And that his Center, to raise
 such a place
 Was farre too little, to haue
 beene the Base;
 No more affords this worlds,
 foundatione

To



To creēt true ioye, were all the
 meanes in one.
 But as the Heathen made them
 feuerall gods,
 Of all Gods Benefits, and all his
 Rods,
 (For as the Wine, and Corne,
 and Onions are
 Gods vnto them, so Agues bee,
 and warre)
 And as by changing that whole
 precious Gold
 To such small copper coynes,
 they lost the old,
 And lost their onely God, who
 euer must
 Be sought alone, and not in such
 a thrust,
 So much mankind true happi-
 nesse mistakes;
 No Ioye enioyes that man, that
 many makes.

Then,

Then, soule, to thy first pitch
 worke vpon againe;
 Know that all lines which cir-
 cles doe containe,
 For once that they the Center
 touch, do touch
 Twice the circumference; and
 be thou such.
 Double on heauen, thy thoughts
 on earth employd;
 All will not serue; Onely who
 haue enioyd
 The sight of God, in fulnesse,
 can thinke it;
 For it is both the object, and the
 wit.
 This is essentiall ioye, where nei-
 ther hee
 Can suffer Diminution, nor
 wee;
 Tis such a full, and such a filling
 good;

H

Had



Had th' Angels once look'd on
 him, they had stood.
 To fill the place of one of them,
 or more,
 Shee whom we celebrate, is
 gone before.
 Shee, who had Here so much
 essentiall ioy.
 As no chance could distract,
 much lesse destroy;
 Who with Gods presence was
 acquainted so,
 (Hearing, and speaking to him)
 as to know
 His face, in any naturall Stone,
 or Tree,
 Better then when in Images they
 bee:
 Who kept by diligent deuotion,
 Gods Image, in such reparation,

Within

Within her heart, that what decay
 was growen,
 Was her first Parents fault, and
 not her own:
 Who being solicited to any
 Act,
 Still heard God pleading his safe
 precontract;
 Who by a faithfull confidence,
 was here
 Betrothed to God, and now is
 married there,
 Whose twilights were more
 cleare, then our mid-day,
 Who dreamt deuoutlier, then
 most vse to pray;
 Who being here filld with grace,
 yet stroue to bee,
 Both where more grace, & more
 capacitee
 At once is giuen: she to Heauen
 is gone,

H 2

Who



List of Books	
1. The History of the World	1789
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Of accidentall ioyes in both places.

Who made this world in some proportion
A heauen, and here, became vnto vs all,
Ioye, (as our ioyes admit) essentiall.
But could this low world ioyes essentiall touch,
Heauens accidentall ioyes would passe them much.
How poore and lame, must then our casuall bee?
If thy Prince will his subiects to call thee
My Lord, and this doe swell thee, thou art than,
By being a greater, growen to be lesse Man,
When no Physician of Reders can speake,
A ioyfull casuall violence may breake

A

A dangerous Apostem in thy brest;
And whilst thou ioyest in this, the dangerous rest,
The bag may rise vp, and so strangle thee.
What eye was casuall, may euer bee.
What should the Nature change? Or make the same Cerraine, which was but casuall, when it came?
All casuall ioye doth loud and plainly say,
Onely by comming, that it can away,
Onely in Heauen ioyes strength is neuer spent;
And accidentall things are permanent.
Ioy of a foules arriuall neere decays;

H ;

For



For that soule euer ioyes & euer
staies.
Ioy that their last great Con-
summation
Approches in the resur-
rection ;
When earthly bodies more cele-
stiall
Shalbe, then Angels were, for
they could fall ;
This kind of ioy doth euery day
admit
Degrees of growth, but none of
loosing it.
In this fresh ioy, tis no small part,
that shee,
Shee, in whose goodnesse, he
that nam's degree,
Doth iniure her ; (Tis losse to be
cald best,
There where the staffe is not
such as the rest)

Shee,

Shee, who left such a body, as
euer shee
Onely in Heauen could learne,
how it can bee
Made better, for shee rather was
two soules,
Or like to full, on both sides
written Rols,
Where eies might read vpon the
outward skin,
As strong Records for God, as
minde within,
Shee, who by making full per-
fection grow,
Peeces a Circle, and still keeps
it so,
Long'd for, and longing for it, to
heauen is gon,
Where shee receiues, and giues
addition.
Here in a place, where mis-deuo-
tion frames

conclusion.

H 4

A

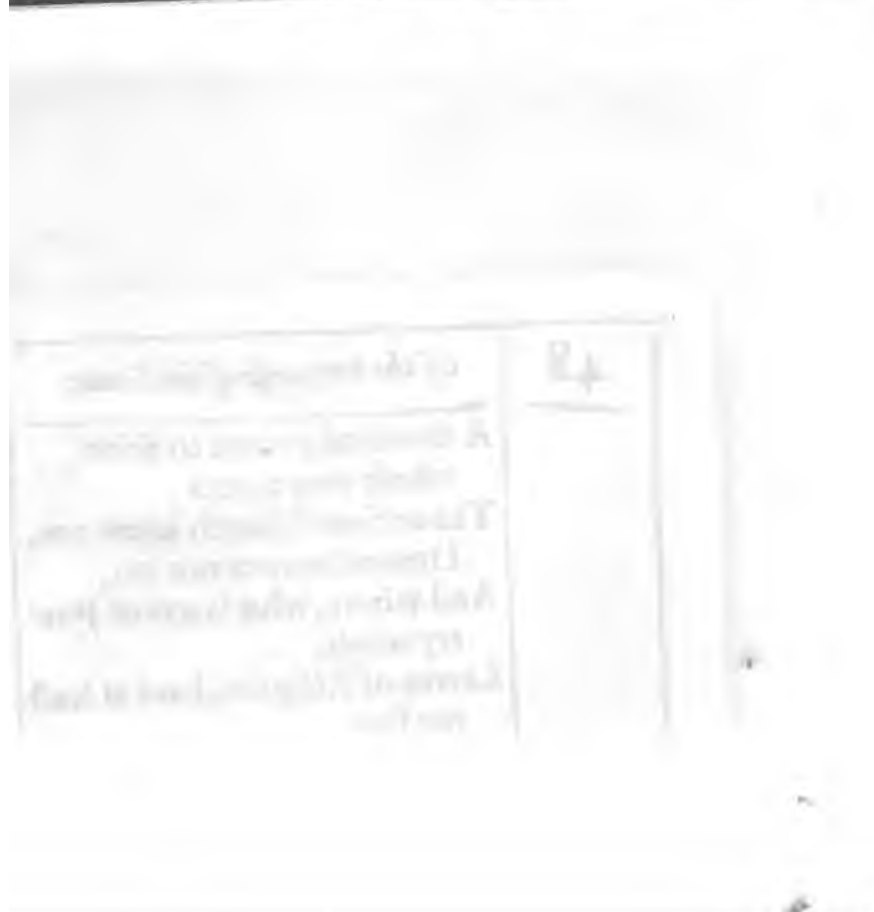


A thousand praiers to Saints,
 whose very names
 The ancient Church knew not,
 Heauen knowes not yet,
 And where, what lawes of Poe-
 try admit,
 Lawes of Religion, haue at least
 the same,
 Immortall Maid, I might in-
 roque thy name.
 Could any Saint prouoke that
 appetite,
 Thou here shouldst make mee a
 french conuertite.
 But thou wouldst not; nor
 wouldst thou be content,
 To take this, for my second
 yeeres true Rent,
 Did this Goine beare any other
 stampe, then his,
 That gaue thee power to doe
 me, to say this.

Since

Since his will is, that to poste-
 ritee,
 Thou shouldst for life, & death,
 a pattern bee,
 And that the world should no-
 tice haue of this,
 The purpose, and th' Authority
 is his;
 Thou art the Proclamation, and
 I am
 The Trumpet, at whose voice
 the people came.

FINIS.





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